

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

MALEK AND THE PRINCESS SCHIRINE.

BY HOLCROFT.

I AM the only son of a rich merchant of Surat. A little while after his death, I spent the best part of the wealth he left me. I was making an end of the remainder with my friends, when a stranger that passed by Surat, to go, as he said, to the Isle of Ceylon, by chance dined at my table. They happened to talk about travelling. Some commended the usefulness and pleasure of it, others represented the dangers. Some of the company gave us an account of their travels. The curious things they had seen, excited me to travel; but the dangers they had run through, hindered me from resolving on it. After I had heard them all, I said, one cannot hear you speak of the pleasures you have had in going over the world, without feeling an extreme desire of travelling. But the dangers that travellers are exposed to, take from me the inclination of seeing other countries. If one could, added I, smiling, go from one end of the world to the other, without meeting with unlucky accidents on the way, I should set off to-morrow from Surat. At these words, which made all the company laugh, the stranger said to me, Seigneur Malek, if you have a desire to travel, and if the danger alone of meeting with robbers hinders you from resolving to do so, I will teach you, when you will, a way to go from kingdom to kingdom, without any danger. I believed he was in jest; but after dinner he took me aside, and told me, that the next morning he would come to me, and shew me something very extraordinary.

He did not fail: he came again to me, and said, I will keep my word with you; but you will not see the effect of my promise these two or three days; for it is a work that cannot be done to-day. Send one of your slaves for a joiner, and let them both bring boards with them; which was done immediately. When the joiner was come, the stranger bid him make a chest six feet long, and four broad. The workman went presently to work; the stranger, on his part, was not idle; he made a great many pieces of the machine, the vices and the springs. They worked all day long, and the joiner was dismissed: the stranger spent the day following to place the springs, and to perfect the work.

At three days end the chest was finished: it was covered with a Persian carpet, and carried into the country, whither I went with the stranger; who said to me, send away your slaves, and let us stay here alone: I will have none near but yourself to be witness of what I do. I ordered my slaves to go home, and I staid alone with the stranger. I longed to know what he would do with this machine. He at length got it in, and at the same time the chest raised itself up from the ground, and cut the air with incredible swiftness: in one moment it sprung a great way from me, and the next was again at my feet.

I cannot tell you how much I was surprised at this prodigy. You see, said the stranger to me, getting out of the machine, a very easy carriage; and you ought to be persuaded, that, travelling after this manner, one need not fear being robbed on the road. This is the method I would have you take to travel in safety. I will make you a present of this trunk: you may make use of it when you have a mind to go into foreign countries. Think not, continued he, that there is any enchantment in what you have seen. It is not by cabalistic words, nor by virtue of a talisman that this chest raises itself in the air. Its motion is made by an ingenious artifice, that shows the power of mechanics, of which I am a perfect master.

I thanked the stranger for so rare a present, and gave him, as an acknowledgment, a purse full of sequins. Inform me, said I to him afterwards, how I must do to set this chest in motion. I will teach you that presently, answered he. At these words he made me go into the machine with him; touched a spring, and presently we were lifted up in the air. Then showing me what method was to be taken to guide it right; in turning this vice, said he to me, you go to the right, and in turning that, you go to the left; by touching this string you ascend, and by touching that you descend. I made trial of it myself; I turned the vices, and touched the springs; the chest effectually obeyed to my hand, went which way I pleased, and hastened or slackened the motion as I managed. After having made a great many wheelings about in the air, we took our flight towards my house, and descended into my garden; which we easily did, because we had taken off the carpet that covered the machine, which had a great many holes through it, as well to admit the air, as to look through.

We were at home before my slaves, who were enough surprised to see us return. I locked the chest up in my apartment, where I kept it with as much care as if it had been a treasure; and the stranger went away as content with me, as I was with him. I continued to divert myself with my friends, till I had spent all my patrimony. I began also to borrow, inasmuch that I insensibly found myself loaded with debts. As soon as it was known in Surat that I was ruined, I lost my credit, nobody would lend me any thing; and my creditors, impatient to have their money again, gave me notice to pay it. Not knowing any longer which way to turn myself, and by consequence being liable to troubles and affronts, I had recourse to my chest: I drew it one night out of my apartment into my yard; I got into it, with some provisions, and the little money I had left. I touched the spring that made the machine mount; then turning one of the vices, I went far enough from Surat, and from my creditors, without fear of their sending any officers after me. I made the chest go all that night as fast as possible, and I believed that I surpassed the wind in swiftness. At day-break, I looked through a hole to see where I was, and perceived nothing but mountains and precipices, a dry country, and a frightful desert; I could discover no appearance of an habitation. I continued to travel through the air all that day and the night following. The next day I found myself over a very thick wood, high which

there was a very fine town situated in a plain of great extent.

I stooped to look at the town, as well as at a magnificent palace, that offered itself to my view at the end of the plain. I desired passionately to know where I was, and had already thought on a way to satisfy my curiosity, when I saw in the fields a peasant tilling the ground. I descended in the wood, where I left my chest, and went towards the husbandman, of whom I asked how they called the town. Young man, answered he, one may see you are a stranger, since you know not that this town is called Gazna; the equitable and valiant King Bahaman makes it the place of his residence. And who lives, said I to him, in that palace that we see at the end of the plain? The King of Gazna, replied he, has built it to keep his daughter the Princess Schirine in, who is threatened by her horoscope to be deceived by a man. Bahaman, to elude this prediction, built this palace, which is of marble, and surrounded with deep ditches of water.—The gate is steel of China; and besides that, the king keeps the key of it; there is a numerous guard that watches night and day, to hinder any man from going in. The king goes once a week to see the Princess his daughter, and then returns to Gazna. Schirine has no company in this palace, but a governess and some maiden-slaves.

I thanked the peasant for his information, and went towards the town. When I was almost arrived there, I heard a great noise, and presently saw many horsemen, magnificently clothed, and all mounted on very fine horses that were richly accoutred. I perceived in the middle of that stately cavalcade, a lusty man, who had on his head a crown of gold, and whose clothes were covered with diamonds. I judged that he was the King of Gazna, who was going to see the Princess his daughter, and I understood in the town that I was not deceived in my conjecture.

After I had taken a turn or two about the town, and satisfied my curiosity a little, I remembered my chest; and though I had left it in a place where I had reason to think it safe, yet I was uneasy. I went from Gazna, and I could not be satisfied, till I came where it was. Then I was at ease—I eat with a good appetite what was left of my provision, and the night coming on, I resolved to spend it in the wood. I doubted not but I should sleep well; for neither my debts, nor the ill condition I found myself in, gave me much uneasiness: nevertheless I could not sleep; what the peasant had told me of the Princess Schirine was always in my thoughts. Is it possible, said I, that Bahaman should be afraid of a frivolous prediction? Was it necessary to build a palace to shut up his daughter in? Was she not safe enough in his? Besides, if astrologers can dive into the obscurity of what is to come, if they can read futurity in the stars, it is in vain to endeavour to elude their predictions; they must of necessity be accomplished. If the Princess of Gazna be predestined to be deceived by a man, it is in vain for any one to pretend to prevent it.

I was so taken up with thinking on Schirine, who I fancied to myself was handsomer than all the ladies I had seen, though at Surat and Goa I had beheld many of the most beautiful women, who had contributed not a little to ruin me. But I

had a great desire to try my fortune. I will, said I, transport myself to the top of the Princes's palace, and endeavour to get into her apartment. Perhaps I am the mortal, whose fortunate attempt the astrologers have seen written in the stars.

I was young, and, by consequence, heedless. I wanted not courage: I formed this rash design, and executed it immediately. I raised myself in the air, and guided my chest towards the palace. The darkness of the night was such as I could desire. I passed, without being perceived, over the soldiers' heads, who, being posted about the ditches, kept a strict guard. I descended upon the roof of the palace, high a place where I saw a light. I got out of my chest, and slipped in a window, that was open to receive the freshness of the air, into an apartment richly furnished, where the Princess Schirine was lying on a brocaded sofa. She seemed to me of a dazzling beauty! I found her far exceeding the idea I had formed of her. I went near to behold her: but I could not look on so many charms without transport! I fell on my knees before her, and kissed one of her delicate hands. She waked that instant, and perceiving a man in such a posture, was frightened. She gave a shriek, and presently her governess, who lay in the next chamber, came running to her. Mahpeiker, said the princess, come and help me. There is a man! How got he into my apartment? Or rather, are not you an accomplice of his crime? Who I? replied the governess; your suspicion wrongs me! I am not less astonished than you, to see this audacious youth here! Besides, if I would have favoured his boldness, how could I have deceived the vigilance of the guards that are about this castle? You know there are twenty steel doors to open, before any can get into this apartment; that the royal signet is upon every lock; and that the king your father has the keys: I cannot comprehend how this young man has surmounted all these difficulties.

While the governess was thus speaking, I thought on what I should say to them; and it came in my head to persuade them that I was the prophet Mahomet. Charming Princess! said I to Schirine, let not yourself or Mahpeiker be surprised to see me here. I am not one of those lovers who make use of gold, and employ every artifice, to accomplish their wishes. I have no desires that your virtue need to be frightened at: far be all guilty thoughts from me. I am the prophet Mahomet—I could not, without pity, see you condemned to pass your youthful days in a prison; and I come to give you my promise, that I will secure you from the prediction which Bahaman your father is afraid of. Let him and yourself be both easy henceforth as to your future destiny, which cannot but be full of glory and happiness, since you shall be Mahomet's wife. As soon as the news of your marriage shall be spread abroad in the world, all the kings of the earth will fear the father-in-law of the great prophet, and all the princesses will envy your condition.

Schirine and her governess looked upon one another at this discourse, as if to consult what they ought to think of it. I had reason to fear, I confess, that they would not believe me; but women are apt to give into wonders. If you are the holy Prophet Mahomet, said Schirine, you are

pure, and free from evil intentions. You will first reconcile my father to the match, and then, on an appointed day, perform the ceremonies proper to marriage. But if you are an impostor, you will betray your wicked designs. My governess shall wait in the next apartment whenever you visit me, till this be accomplished: one shriek from me will alarm her, and she will call the guards, if your actions should show you are not what you pretend. I answered the princess by commending her virtue, applauding the justice of the test she proposed, and fixing on that day month for the solemnization of our nuptials, as I hoped by that time to find some lucky means of deceiving her father into the same belief. Accordingly Mahpeiker and her mistress gave credit to my story, and believed me to be Mahomet. After having passed the best part of the night with the Princess of Gazna, I went out of her apartment before it was daylight; not without promising her that I would come the following evening. I made haste to my machine; I put myself in it, and raised myself very high, that I might not be seen by the soldiers. I descended in the wood. I left my chest, and went to the town, where I bought provisions for eight days, with magnificent apparel, a fine turban of Indian linen, with stripes of gold, and a rich girdle. I did not forget essences, and the best perfumes. I laid out all my money in these purchases, without perplexing myself to know where I should get more. I thought I could want for nothing, after so extraordinary an adventure.

I staid all that day in the wood, where I employed myself in perfuming and setting myself out. When night was come, I got into my chest, and returned to the top of the Princess Schirine's palace: I introduced myself into her apartment as the night before. The princess declared she waited for me with impatience. O, great Prophet! said she, I began already to be uneasy; and I feared you had forgot your spouse. My dear princess, answered I, could you give way to such a fear? Since I have plighted you my troth, ought not you to be persuaded that I would love you always? But tell me, replied she, why have you so young a look? I thought that the prophet Mahomet was a venerable old man. You were not deceived, answered I; it is the idea you ought to have of me; and if I should appear to you such as I sometimes show myself to the faithful, to whom I deign that honour, you would see me with a long white beard and a bald head; but I thought you would better like a form not superannuated; and, for this reason, I have borrowed the shape of a young man. The governess joining then in our discourse, told me, that I had done very well; and that whoever would personate a husband, cannot appear too agreeable.

I went again from the castle towards the end of the night, for fear it should be discovered that I was a false prophet. I returned the next day, and behaved myself always so cautiously, that Schirine and Mahpeiker could not suspect the least deceit in me. It is true, the princess took insensibly such a liking to me, that it contributed very much to make her believe all that I said to her. When we are favourably prepossessed, we mistrust not sincerity.

In a few days, the king of Gazna, attended by his officers, went to the palace of the princess his daughter, and finding the doors all shut, and his seal on the locks, he said to his visiers that were with him. All is safe: while the doors of the palace are in this condition, I shall not fear the misfortune my daughter is threatened with. He went alone into the apartment of Schirine, who could not conceal her confusion at the sight of him. He perceived it, and was willing to know the cause. His curiosity augmented the Princess's confusion, who seeing herself at last obliged to satisfy him, told him all that had passed.

You may imagine how much King Bahaman was surprised, when he understood he was Mahomet's father-in-law. Oh! absurdity, cried he; Oh! my daughter, that you should be so credulous! O Heaven! I now see very plain, that it is in vain to endeavour to shun the misfortunes you have reserved for us. The fate of Schirine is inevitable. A traitor has deceived her. In saying this, he rushed out of the Princess's apartment in affliction, and searched the palace from top to bottom. But his search was to no purpose; for he found no marks of discovery. At this his surprise increased. Which way, said he, did this audacious fellow get into the castle? 'Tis what I cannot conceive!

Then he called his visiers and his confidants. They ran at his call, and seeing him agitated, they were afraid. What is the matter, Sir? said his first minister to him; you seem troubled. What misfortune does the concern that appears in your looks, declare to us? The king told them all he had been informed of, and asked them what they thought of the story?—The Grand Vizier spoke first. He said, that the intended marriage might be true, though it had the appearance of a fable: that there were some noble families in the world, who made no difficulty to ascribe their origin to such like events; and that for him, he looked on the communication that the princess had with Mahomet as a thing very likely.

The other visiers, in complaisance perhaps to him that spoke first, were of his opinion: but one of the courtiers declared himself against it, in these terms: I am surprised to see sensible men give credit to a story so little worthy of belief. How can it enter into the heads of men of sense, that our great prophet should be capable of coming to seek women in this world, who, in his heavenly abode, is encompassed by the most beautiful ones. It is contrary to common sense; and if the king will take my advice, instead of giving ear to so ridiculous a story, he should examine thoroughly into the affair. I am persuaded, that he would presently discover the deceiver, who, under that sacred name, has the audaciousness to endeavour to seduce the princess.

Though Bahaman was naturally credulous, though he took his first minister for a man of great judgment, and though all his visiers believed that Schirine was actually betrothed to Mahomet, he declared himself, nevertheless, for the negative. He resolved to be informed of the truth of it; but being willing to act with prudence in this affair, and to endeavour to speak with the pretended prophet, in private, he sent his visiers and courtiers back to Gazna. Go back (said he to them) I will stay alone to-night in this castle with my daughter. Go; but come hither to me again to-morrow. They all obeyed the king's orders: they went back to the town; and Bahaman, waiting for the night, began to ask the princess new questions. He asked her, if I had eaten with her?—No, sir, (said his daughter) I offered him in vain, meat and drink: he would not touch them; and I never saw him take the least nourishment, nor commit the least indelicacy, since he has used to come hither. Relate to me again this adventure, (replied he) and hide not from me any one particular. Schirine gave him a renewed account of it, and the king, attentive to her relation, carefully weighed every circumstance.

In the mean while, the night came on; Bahaman sat himself on a sofa, and wax candles were lighted, and placed before him on a marble table. He drew his scimitar to use it, if there should be occasion, to wash away in my blood the affront done to his honour. He expected me every moment, and in the expectation he was, of seeing me appear all on a sudden, I cannot believe he was without trouble.

It happened that night to lighten very much. A great flash chanced to dart full in the king's eyes, and made him startle.

He went to the window which Schirine told him I came in at, and perceiving the air all on fire, he was much perplexed in his thoughts. Though he saw nothing that was unnatural, he could not look on those meteors, as the effects of exhalations kindled in the air; he rather believed that the flames announced to earth, the descent of Mahomet, and that the gates of heaven unfolding to let out the prophet, made the air one luminous body.

In the disposition the king's mind was, I presented myself without danger before that prince. Far from showing himself serious when I appeared at the window, he was seized with respect and fear. He let fall his scimitar, cast himself at my feet, and kissing them, said to me: O great prophet, who am I, and what have I done to deserve the honour to be your father-in-law? I judged by these words, what had passed between the king and the princess, and I found that the good Bahaman was not more difficult to be deceived than his daughter. I was charmed, to perceive that I had not to do with one of those penetrating heads who would have made the prophet undergo an examination that would have puzzled him. Taking advantage of his weakness, O king, said I to him, raising him up, you are, of all the Mahometan princes, the most firm to my sect, and, by consequence, he that ought to be the most acceptable to me. It was recorded in the Book of Fate, that your daughter should be deceived by a man; this your astrologers very truly discovered by their sublime science; but I have prayed the most High to exempt you from that mortal affliction, and to blot out this misfortune from the predestination of mankind. This he was pleased to do for my sake, upon condition that Schirine should become one of my wives. To this I consented, to recompense you for the good deeds you do every day.

King Bahaman was not in a condition to undeceive himself. That weak prince believed all I had told him; and overjoyed at this alliance with the great prophet, he cast himself at my feet a second time, to show me the sense he had of my kindness. I raised him up again, embraced him, and assured him of my protection, while he could not find words to express the gratitude of his mind.

The next morning the visiers and the courtiers returned to the princess's palace. They asked the king if he was informed of the truth of what he desired to know. Yes, said he, I know now to what I am to trust. I have seen and spoken to the great prophet himself; he is to be my daughter's husband. Nothing is more true. Upon this the visiers and the courtiers, turning towards him that had opposed the possibility of this marriage, reproached him with incredulity; but they found him resolute in his opinion: he maintained it with obstinacy, whatever the king could say to persuade him that Mahomet was married to Schirine; till at last Bahaman became almost angry with this incredulous courtier, who was made the jest of the council.

The heavens conspired, as it were, to deceive the king. An accident that happened the same day, confirmed the visiers in their opinion. As they were returning to the town with their master, a storm surprised them in the plain. The lightning flashed in their faces, and the thunder roared in so terrible a manner, that they feared it was the last day. It happened that the incredulous courtier's horse took fright; he pranced, flung his master on the ground, and broke his leg with the fall. This event was looked upon as an effect of the wrath of heaven. O miserable wretch! cried the king, seeing the courtier fall; this is the fruit of your obstinacy; you would not believe me, and the prophet has punished you!

They carried the lame courtier home, and Bahaman was no sooner returned to his palace, but he caused it to be published at Gazna, that all the inhabitants should

celebrate, with feasting, the day appointed for the marriage of Schirine and Mahomet. I took a walk in the town; and was informed of this news, as well as of the accident of the courtier's falling from his horse. It is not to be conceived how credulous and superstitious the people were; they made public rejoicings, and ran crying up and down, Long live Bahaman, the father-in-law of the great prophet.

As soon as it was night, I got to the wood again, and was presently with the princess. Charming Schirine, said I, going into her apartment, you know not what has happened to-day on the plain. A courtier, who doubted that you were to be Mahomet's wife, has atoned for this doubt. I raised a tempest that frightened his horse; the courtier fell, and broke his leg. I did not think fit to carry my revenge any farther; but I swear by my tomb which is at Mecca, that if any one hereafter dares to doubt of your happiness, it shall cost him his life. After having staid some hours with Schirine, I retired.

The day following, the king assembled his visiers and courtiers. Let us go all together, said he to them, to ask Mahomet's pardon for the unhappy man who refused to believe me, and who has received the chastisement of his unbelief. At the same they mounted their horses, and went to the princess's palace. The king himself opened the doors, which he had locked and sealed with his signet the day before. He went up, followed by his visiers, into his daughter's apartment. Schirine, said he, we are come to desire you to intercede with the prophet for a man who has incurred his wrath. I know very well what you mean, sir, answered the princess; Mahomet has spoken to me of it. She then repeated to them what I had told her over night, and informed them that I had sworn to destroy all those who doubted of her marriage with the prophet.

When the good king Bahaman heard this discourse, he turned himself towards his visiers and courtiers, and said to them, had we not hitherto given credit to what we have seen, could we, after this, disbelieve that Mahomet is my son-in-law. You find that he himself told my daughter, that he had raised the storm to revenge himself of that faithless man. All the ministers and others were convinced that she was the prophet's wife; they cast themselves before her; they humbly besought her to intercede with me in behalf of the wounded courtier; and she promised them so to do.

During this time, I had consumed all my provisions, and having no money left, the poor prophet Mahomet began to know not what to do. I bethought myself of an expedient. My princess, said I, one night to Schirine, we have forgot to observe one formality concerning our wedding; you have brought me no portion, and that omission troubles me. Well, my dear spouse, answered she, I will speak of it to-morrow to my father, who, without doubt, will offer to you his treasures. No, no, replied I, there is no need of speaking to him of it; I value not all his riches: they are of no use to me. It will be sufficient to grant me some of your jewels; which is all the portion I ask of you. Schirine would have loaded me with all her jewels, to make her portion the handsomer; but I was contented with two great diamonds, which I sold the next day to a jeweller of Gazna. I put myself by this means in a condition to continue to personate Mahomet.

Just at this time, unluckily for me, an ambassador arrived at Gazna, on behalf of a neighbouring king, to demand Schirine in marriage. He had presently audience, and when he had declared the subject of his embassy, Bahaman said to him, I am sorry I cannot give my daughter to the king your master; I have promised her to the prophet Mahomet. The ambassador judged, by this answer, that the king of Gazna was mad. He took leave of the

prince, and returned to his master, who believed at first, as well as he, that Bahaman had lost his senses. At length, imputing this refusal to contempt and flight, he became angry, flew to his army, and invaded the kingdom of Gazna.

That king, who was named Cacem, was much superior in strength to Bahaman; who moreover prepared so slowly to receive his enemy, that he could not hinder him from making a great progress. Cacem fought some troops that would have opposed his passage; he came forward with all speed towards the town of Gazna, and found Bahaman's army intrenched in the plain before the castle of the princess Schirine. The design of this provoked lover was to attack him in his intrenchments; but his troops having need of rest, and he arriving not in the plain till towards night, put off the attack till the next morning.

In the meantime the king of Gazna, being informed of the number and valour of Cacem's troops, began to be afraid. He assembled his council, where the courtier, who was hurt in falling from his horse, spoke in these words: "I am amazed that the king should be in the least uneasiness on this occasion; what cause of dismay can the father-in-law of Mahomet have, not only of Cacem, but of all the princess in the world put together? Your majesty, sir, has nothing to do but to apply yourself to your son-in-law; implore the assistance of the great prophet; he will presently confound your enemies. He can do no less, since he is the cause of Cacem's coming to trouble the repose of your subjects."

Though this was spoken in derision, it inspired Bahaman with confidence. You are in the right, said he, to the courtier, 'tis to the prophet I ought to address myself; I will pray him to drive away my haughty enemy, and I dare promise myself he will not reject my prayer. At these words he went to Schirine: Daughter, said he, to-morrow morning, as soon as day appears, Cacem designs to attack us; I fear he will force our intrenchments. I am come hither to implore the assistance of Mahomet. Make use of all the interest you have with him, to engage him to defend us. Let us join in our intercessions to render him propitious to us. Sir, replied the princess, it will not be very difficult to engage the prophet on our side. He will shortly disperse the enemy's troops, and all the kings of the earth will learn, at Cacem's cost, to respect you. However, replied the king, the night is come, and the prophet does not appear. He has forsaken us! No, no, my father, replied Schirine, think not he will abandon us in necessity; he sees from heaven the army that besieges us, and, perhaps, he is this moment going to strike them with terror and dismay.

This was indeed what Mahomet had a great desire to do. I had all that day observed the troops of Cacem afar off. I had regarded their disposition, and above all, had taken great notice of the king's quarters. I picked up great and little stones; I filled my trunk with them, and in the middle of the night I raised myself up in the air. I went towards Cacem's tents. I discovered without trouble that where the king lay, it was a very high pavilion, finely gilt, made in the form of a cupola, and supported by twelve pillars of painted wood, that were driven into the ground. The intervals of the pillars were filled up with boughs of several sorts of trees twisted together. Towards the top there were two windows, one to the east, and the other to the south.

All the soldiers that were about the tent were asleep, which gave me an opportunity to descend to one of the windows without being perceived. I saw the king lying on a sofa, with his head on a satin cushion. I got a little out of my trunk, and throwing a great stone at Cacem, I struck him full on the forehead, and wounded him dangerously. He gave a

loud cry, which presently waked his guards and his officers. They ran to that prince; they found him all over blood, and almost senseless; they called out, the quarters took the alarm, every one asked what was the matter. The report went that the king was wounded; but they could not tell by whom. While they were inquiring out the author, I raised myself up almost to the clouds, and let fall a hail of stones upon and about the royal tent. Some soldiers were wounded, and cried out that it rained stones. This news spread itself abroad, and to confirm it, I flung stones all about. Then a panic fear seized the whole army: the officers, as well as soldiers, believed the prophet was angry with Cacem, and that he declared his wrath by this prodigy. At last the enemies of Bahaman were struck with dismay, and fled with such precipitation, that they left their equipage and tents behind them, crying, we are undone, Mahomet will destroy us.

The king of Gazna was very much surprised at day-break, when, instead of seeing himself attacked, he perceived that the enemy was making off. He presently pursued them with his best soldiers. He made a great slaughter of the fugitives, and overtook Cacem, whose wound hindered him from making speed. Why, said he to him, did you come into my dominions against all right and reason? What cause had I given you to make war against me? Bahaman, answered the vanquished king, I thought you had refused me your daughter in contempt and disdain, and I was resolved to revenge myself on you. I could not believe that the Prophet Mahomet was your son-in-law; but I doubt it not now, since it is he that has wounded me, and dispersed my army.

Bahaman ceased to pursue his enemies, and returned to Gazna with Cacem, who died that day of his wound. They divided a booty which was so considerable, that the soldiers returned home loaded with riches. Prayers were made in all the mosques, to return thanks to heaven for having confounded the enemies of the kingdom; and when it was night, the king went, without any attendants, to the Princess's palace. Daughter, said he to her, I am come to return thanks to the Prophet; you have been informed, by the courier I sent you, of what Mahomet has done for us; I am so sensible of his goodness to us, that I die with impatience to embrace his knees.

He soon had the satisfaction he desired. I entered by the usual window into Schirine's apartment, where I expected to find him. He flung himself at my feet, and kissed the ground, saying, O great Prophet! no words can express the gratitude I feel. Read in my heart my acknowledgments. I raised Bahaman up, and kissed his forehead. Prince, said I, could you think I would refuse you my assistance in the ill circumstances you were reduced to for my sake? I have punished the proud Cacem, who designed to have made himself master of your dominions, and to have taken away Schirine, to place her among the slaves in his seraglio. Fear not from henceforth, that any potentate in the world will dare to make war against you. If any one should have the boldness to come and attack you, I will pour on his troops a rain of fire, that shall reduce them all to ashes.

After having assured the king of Gazna afresh that I would take his kingdom under my protection, I told him how the enemy's army was frightened when it rained stones on their camp. Bahaman, on his part, repeated to me what Cacem had told him, and retired. That Princess, who was not less sensible than the king her father of the important service I had done the state, declared to me her acknowledgments in so tender a manner, that I had very nearly forgot the time: for the day appeared as I got to my trunk; but I passed so well then for Mahomet in

every body's opinion, that if the soldiers had seen me in the air, they would not have been undeceived. I could hardly forbear thinking myself to be the Prophet, after having routed an army.

Two days after, when they had interred Cacem, to whom, though an enemy, they gave a magnificent burial, the king ordered public rejoicings to be made in the city, as well for the defeat of the enemy's troops, as to celebrate solemnly the marriage of the princess Schirine with Mahomet. The morrow was the day I had appointed, upon which I thought I could do no less than signalize, by some prodigy, a festival that was observed in honour of me. To this end, I bought in Gazna some white pitch, and cotton-seed, together with a little steel to strike fire with. I spent the day in the wood to prepare my fire-works. I steeped the cotton-seed in the pitch; and at night when the people were rejoicing in the streets, transported myself above the town. I raised myself as high as was possible, for fear they should discern my machine by the brightness of my artificial flame; then struck fire, and lighted the pitch, which, with the cotton-seed, produced a wonderful effect. This done, I retired into my wood. The day appearing a little afterwards, I went into the town, to have the pleasure of hearing what they said of me. I was not deceived in my expectation; the people talked extravagantly of the trick I had played them; some said it was Mahomet, who, to shew that their festival was agreeable to him, had made celestial fires appear; and others affirmed, that they saw the prophet in the middle of those new meteors, with a long white beard, and a venerable air, as they fancied.

All this discourse was exceedingly diverting to me; but, alas! while I was taking this pleasure, my trunk, my dear trunk, the instrument of all my wonders, was burnt in the wood. In all appearance, some spark, that I did not perceive, took hold of my machine in my absence, and consumed it. When I returned, I found it reduced to ashes. A father, who returning home, should see his only son pierced in a thousand places, and weltering in his blood, could not be more shocked than I was. The wood echoed again with my cries and groans. I tore my hair, and rent my clothes. I know not how I spared my own life in the rage of my desperation.

Thus ended my adventure with the princess Schirine, at the very time when I had nearly accomplished my plot; and which, though I was then in despair, I have since been happy to reflect that it did not proceed any further.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Sigismund, king of Sweden, immediately after he was elected king of Poland, made a treaty with the states of Sweden, by which he bound himself, to spend every fifth year in Sweden, so that when he had resided four years in Poland, he was obliged to reside one in Sweden.

The wars which he afterwards had with the Turks, the Russians, and the Tartars, rendering it necessary for him not to quit Poland, and to make every possible resistance against such powerful enemies, he omitted for fifteen years to discharge his promise. To make amends in some measure for this deficiency, the jesuits, who had sufficient influence over him, engaged him to choose forty of their number, to compose a senate, who should reside at Stockholm, and manage the affairs of the kingdom; he even gave them a patent, by which he invested them with all the privileges of royal authority.

While this senate were at Dantzic ready to sail for Stockholm, the king commanded that they should be received with the same honours as if he himself were present. The public council upon this was assembled, at which Charles, uncle of Sigismund, the prelates, and all the princes of the empire resolved to make preparations for their entering in the most superb and magnificent manner.

In a private council, however, they formed resolutions quite contrary; for the prince said, that he could not bear to see a senate of priests govern the nation, to the prejudice of the honour of all the princes and nobility of the kingdom, and all those who were present were of the same opinion.

The archbishop then rose, and said "since his majesty disdains to be our sovereign, we ought no longer to acknowledge him as such, or to consider ourselves as his subjects. His authority is suspended, since he has conveyed it to the jesuits, who compose this senate. The jesuits have not yet been acknowledged; in the interval, therefore, between the demission of the sovereign authority, on the part of the king, and the exercise of it on the part of the senate, I absolve you from your allegiance, and from all right which the king may assume over you, or his other subjects of Sweden."

The prince of Bothnia, then going up to prince Charles, embraced him, and said, "I acknowledge no other king but you; I consider you as obliged to defend us, your most affectionate subjects, and to assist us to drive away these vermin, who compose this senate." All the rest followed his example, and made the same acknowledgement.

Having agreed to observe the most profound secrecy, they resolved to go and meet the senate, who were on board a large galley, which had been ordered to remain at anchor at the distance of two leagues from Stockholm, under the pretence of conducting it into the harbour with more magnificence in the night time, when the artificial fire works, which were prepared for that purpose, would appear with greater brilliancy and splendor.

At the hour appointed for receiving the senate, prince Charles, accompanied by twenty or thirty vessels, went to meet them, and surrounding the galley in which they were, under the appearance of firing a salute, he made his cannon play upon it, so that being pierced by the bullets in several places, it was soon filled with water, and sunk to the bottom, while no one seemed in the least disposed to assist a single jesuit. On the contrary, they told them to perform miracles, as they had done in India and Japan, and to save themselves by walking on the water. The noise of the cannon, and the obscurity occasioned by the smoke prevented this affair from being perceived, and Charles, as if he had conducted the senate to the city, entered it in triumph, and having repaired to the church, where the Te Deum was sung, afterwards went and supped upon what had been prepared for the senate.

The jesuits of the city of Stockholm, having gone to look for the senatorial fathers, perceived after midnight, that they were lost, upon which they fixed up bills of excommunication against Charles and his adherents, who had destroyed the senate. They also instigated the people to rebel; but they were soon expelled, and Charles made open profession of the Lutheran religion.

King Sigismund undertook a war against him in the year 1604, which continued two years; at length, a treaty was made, on account of the incursions of the Tartars, into Poland, on the one side, and of the Russians and Cossacks on the other, without prejudicing, however, the rights of his son Casimir, who afterwards mounted the throne, and who bore the arms of Sweden, quartered with those of Poland.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

COWPER.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE NEAPOLITANS.

(From the Journal of a Traveller.)

A remarkable air of gaiety strikes one every moment here, which inspires the stranger with participating pleasure. The flowers and fruits of a thousand brilliant dyes with which nature presents them, seem to invite mankind to adorn themselves and all their utensils as much as possible with the like glowing colours. Silks and ribbonds, flowers in the hats, and every diversified mark of gaiety, decorate every person according to his means. The chairs and commodoes, even in the poorest houses, are ornamented with gold and gaudy flowers. Even the caleshes in the streets, are painted in scarlet, the carvings are gilded, the horses are decorated with bouquets, scarlet trappings, and glittering tinsel. Many of them have plumes of feathers, others little streamers on their heads, which nod and flutter as they go along. It is usual with us to deride, as barbaric and vulgar, a fondness for tawdry colours; and in some sort it may be so and actually is: but, under a bright and always azure sky, nothing is properly tawdry; for nothing can outshine the lustre of the sun or its reflection in the sea. The liveliest colours will be deadened by the powerful light of day; and, as all colours, the various greens of the trees and plants, the yellow, brown, and red, complexion of the earth, act in full energy on our eyes; so the motley hues of flowers and dresses combine in perfect harmony. The rosy coloured bodice and blue gowns of the wives and daughters of Nettuno, edged with broad gold and silver, the national dresses of other colours, the painted ships; all seem contending in cheerful rivalry to make themselves some way visible under the blaze of heaven and the effulgence of the sea.

And as they live, so they bury their dead; here no long, dismal, silent, sable train disturbs the harmony of the festive world. I saw a child borne to the grave. A large red-coloured piece of tapestry embroidered with gold, covered a broad bier, whereon was placed a carved case, highly gilt and silvered, in which lay the corpse arrayed in white, and decked all over with rose-coloured ribbons. At the four corners of this case stood angels, about two feet high, holding in their hands large nosegays of flowers over the child; and, as they were only fixed on wires beneath, so, as the bier moved on, they made correspondent motions, and seemed to sprinkle the child with the odoriferous dew of the flowers. The faster the carriage proceeded along the road, the quicker was the movement of the angels and the priests that went before; and the torch-bearers by the sides, might more properly be said to run than to walk.

There is no season of the year, but one is surrounded with eatables at every turn; and the Neapolitan not only delights in eating, in common with all other mortals, but he will have his food adorned before he buys it. At Santa Lucia, the fish in their various assortments, are put in clean and neat baskets; crabs, oysters, shads, mussels, each apart, spread upon a nice board, with green leaves under them. The shops for dried fruits and pulse are ornamented in the greatest variety of ways. The oranges and lemons, of all sorts, displayed with green twigs, stuck between them, tempt the eye of the passenger. But nowhere do they show a greater taste for ornament than in the butcher's meat, by which the sight of the populace is particularly caught; as the appetite is sharpened by periodical abstinence.

In the shambles, the parts of oxen, calves, sheep, are never exposed to the public view, without having the border of fat or the caul highly gilt. Several days in the year, particularly Whitsuntide, are sacred to good cheer. It is then a general cocagna, at which 500,000 men all join in concert. At this time the street of Toledo, and several other streets and squares are ornamented in the most striking taste. The stalls and shops where greens are sold, where grapes, melons and figs are set out, most agreeably attract the eye. The eatables hang in festoons and garlands across the streets; large chains of sausages, gilt, and tied with red ribbonds; turkeys, with all of them a red streamer stuck under their rumps. I have been assured, that 30,000 of them are sold, without reckoning those fattened at home by private persons. Besides this, a vast number of asses, loaded with garden stuff, capons, and young lambs, are driven about the market and through the city; and the heaps of eggs that are seen in various parts, are so great, that no creature alive would imagine so many could be collected together. And it is not enough that all this is consumed; every year an officer of the police, goes through the city attended by a trumpeter, to proclaim in all the squares and crossways, how many thousand oxen, calves, lambs, hogs, &c. the Neapolitans have consumed. The people listen with extreme attention to the proclamation, and are immoderately delighted at the huge amount, while each individual recollects with pleasure the share he has had in the enjoyment.

What relates to the pastry dishes, which our cooks are so well skilled in preparing under a great diversity of denominations, is greatly attended to by this people, who are very adroit in such matters. The maccaroni, a preparation of the dough made with fine meal, is to be had of all the different kinds, at a trifling price. It is for the most part only boiled in water, and the grated cheese melts with it, and seasons the dish. At every corner almost of the principal streets stand pastry-cooks, with their pans of boiling oil, particularly on fast-days, cooking fish and pastry for their casual customers, who drop in, in incredible shoals. These fellows supply many thousand persons with their dinner and supper; which they carry away on a piece of paper. The stalls of these frigitari, are splendidly set forth on the day of St. Joseph, their patron. The shed is decorated with the image of the saint, and with a number of pictures representing souls suffering the pains of purgatory; as an allusion to the flames on which the fish are dressed. A large pan is heated over a fire; one man is making the paste, and another is putting the pieces into the boiling oil; but the persons of both, who with large two-pronged forks, are heaving out the cakes and pies, are the most remarkable: they represent angels; but how they represent them is what no man would guess.

Guided by the idea that angels must have large flowing golden locks, they put flaxen full bottomed perriwigs on the heads of the boys who are to appear as angels in the solemn processions; perhaps these perriwigs are become bald by age and repeated service, or perhaps they are not always to be had with their proper complement of curls. In a country where, generally speaking, every one wears his own hair, only the associated ideas of perriwigs and angels have remained, and the main idea of flowing locks is totally lost: so that these two fellows, who withal are as ragged as any blackguard in Naples, think it quite sufficient for supporting their dignity as angels, if they can but get any old perriwig that will cover one ear: and, for the rest, their diligent plying of the pan makes them complete representatives of the good spirits whose office it is to haul souls out of purgatory. This wonderfully ingenious decoration, with the incessant noise they make, and still more the cheap

price of their commodities on this day, draw a multitude of buyers about them, who gratify their appetite for a few half-pence, and at the same time send up a pious ejaculation in behalf of the poor souls that lie howling in purgatory.

LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF

THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV. AND THE REGENCY.

BY THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

This is the title of a book which has just been published at Paris, and appears to be greatly sought after. The author was the daughter of the Elector Palatine, Charles Louis, and of the Princess of Hesse Cassel. She was sent to France at 19 years of age to marry the Duke of Orleans, the brother of Louis XIV, and whose first wife (Henrietta of England,) had been poisoned.—The Dutchesse gives the following curious portrait of herself: "I was born at Hidelberg (1652) in the seventh month. I must have been very ugly: I had no features, little eyes, a fat and short nose, long and flat lips; all this could not form an expressive countenance. I had large hanging cheeks and a great face; at the same time that my figure was small, short, and fat; the body and thighs very short. Sum total: I was a little ugly cat; and if I had not a good heart, nobody would endure me. To see if my eyes had expression, it were necessary to have a microscope. In all the world there were not more vulgar hands than mine. The king often made these observations, and we laughed together heartily at my ugliness."

These memoirs expose most amply the corruption of the courts and the governments of those periods: the courtiers rivalled each other in perfidy, servility and debauchery. The women employed the most shameless coquetry and intrigue to displace one favourite and to elevate another. The Jesuits and the monks did not even take the trouble to hide with the veil of hypocrisy their gross and habitual profligacy. In fact, according to this curious work, it would have been next to impossible to have found an honest courtier, a virtuous woman, or a pious minister, in the circle of the court. Some of the anecdotes are very amusing:

"The king (Louis XIV.) eat to a most frightful degree. I have seen him devour at his dinner, first, three plates of soup of different kinds, a pheasant, a partridge, roast mutton and garlic, two large pieces of ham, a plate of sallad, a plate of pastry, and another of fruit, &c. &c." After such a dinner it is not surprising that he was styled *Louis le Grand*.

"Louis XIV. (notre feu Roi) told me that Christian, queen of Sweden, instead of a night-cap, always enveloped her head with a towel. One night, being unable to sleep, she ordered music in her chamber, and had the curtains drawn over her bed; but enchanted with some part of the performance, she thrust her head through the curtains, and screamed, *Mort diable! qu'il chantonne bien*. The musicians, and especially the eunuchs, were so terrified at her head and nose, that they all ran away."

"The cardinal Richlieu had sometimes violent attacks of a kind of madness.—Sometimes he fancied himself a horse, and leaped over the billiard table, neighing and capering. This would last for an hour, when his people would get him to bed, and cover him well with bed clothes to produce perspiration: sleep restored him entirely."

A new work on this country has lately appeared in London, entitled "Letters from America, containing observations on the climate and agriculture of the Western States, the manners of the people, the prospects of Emigrants, &c." by James Flint. Of this publication the *Edinburgh Scotsman* says, that the author "has been

a patient, accurate, and impartial observer. The facts he has collected present a more faithful and complete picture of the agriculture, social, and political condition of the Western States, than is to be found in any work of a recent date."

The first number of "the Napoleon Anecdotes," by W. H. Ireland, published on the 1st November, appears to have excited considerable interest in the British metropolis. The work is intended to illustrate the mental energies of the late Emperor of France, and the characters and actions of his contemporary statesman and warriors, and is embellished with elegant engravings of the principal personages of whose biography the author professes to give a sketch.

The Devil and Dr. Faustus.—Mr. Mills, in his elegant work, entitled, "Travels of Theodore Ducas in various countries in Europe, at the revival of letters and art," has the following amusing literary anecdote:—"In the year 1462, the Latin Vulgate was printed by Fust and Schoeffer, in two volumes, folio, in Gothic character, a circumstance in typographical history proper to be mentioned by me, because copies of this edition were the books which, the story runs, Fust took with him to Paris, before the art of printing was known in that city, and sold for manuscripts. The price was infinitely below the usual demand for the labours of transcribers; copies appeared to be multiplied beyond the power of the pen, and the people attributed to necromancy what they denied to human ingenuity. The magistrates were infected by this popular delirium; they searched Fust's apartments; many copies of the bible were found; the existence of the compact with the devil was evident, and the red ink of the initials of the bible was said to be the blood of the poor German. The Parliament of Paris, however, corrected the folly of the people, and encouraged Fust for the importance of his art. I mention this tale, not as a representation of truth, but as being a picture of the general wonder, in unenlightened minds, which the invention of the art of printing gave rise to."

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BAGNOL.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

London, Oct. 20, 1822.

An invention is spoken of among the best informed Theatrical circles, which will be of the greatest importance to the public at large. We have heard that it is nothing less than an "entirely new" and "highly interesting" piece of machinery, by which a whole evening's entertainment, consisting of tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce may be effectively performed by steam. Its advantages are numerous and desirable, as the performers will then be compelled to consume their own smoke, by the operation of one of Mr. Taylor's late Acts, to suppress nuisances; many other inconveniences of the present system will be effectually remedied. It is said, upon its being read in the Green-rooms, that the performers were thrown into the utmost consternation, it produced the most unpleasant sensations amongst the ladies, many of whom fainted away; while the gentlemen were seen running in all directions to "sign, seal, and deliver" their unexecuted articles of engagement. Many called it the "infernal machine," others the Theatrical "tread mill," when all agreed to sign a petition to the worthy Lord Chancellor, to grant an injunction against so destructive a piece of action, as they said he was a friend for "things as they were," and would, no doubt, sympathize in their zeeplings. The managers

however, seemed inclined to adopt it, as they said it would be a "novelty," and might enable them, by reducing the heavy expenses, which they now had to pay, to lower their present high prices of admission, which would, no doubt, be highly acceptable to the public, and by having a plentiful supply of hot water ready, could always give them a warm reception.

A rumour was in circulation yesterday, that a fire had broken out in the kitchen of a celebrated Comedian of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, at his residence near Brunswick-square, owing to the carelessness of a French cook, and others whom he had engaged to prepare a sumptuous entertainment for his theatrical friends, but which, on inquiry, we found was without the least foundation.

It was with regret that we heard it mentioned the other evening at Covent-Garden, that *Sir Proteus* had the misfortune, while changing his small-clothes, to drop thirteen-pence halfpenny into a rat-hole, being the change out of two shillings which he had just received on payment for a bottle of cheap shoe-blackening.

We understand that last night at Covent-Garden, while a performer was dressing himself, with the aid of a bucket of water, (the broken looking-glass being engaged by three faces, and bespoke by a lady and gentleman in the adjoining apartment) the rotten rush-bottomed chair on which the pail was placed, suddenly gave way, and for the first time the said performer, to his great astonishment, found that he had caused an "overflowing house."

The *Journal de Paris*, of the 23d ult. after giving an amusing and blundering detail of our theatres, says, Drury-lane is the cradle of Garrick, Siddons, Kemble, and Kean—"interesting little creatures," with Covent-garden for their nurse, we suppose—and that Charles Kemble performs the grand-roles in comedy, while Macready, at Covent-garden, the rival of Kean, plays the grand-roles in tragedy. The same wiseacre says, the late celebrated Sheridan played for hire before he was an M. P., and concludes by informing us that Braham, or, as he has it, Mr. Broham, has got a situation at the English Opera House, where he will no doubt find plenty of *Whigs*.

Mr. Penley & Co. continue to be allowed to "astonish the natives" of Paris, by the able manner in which they execute English plays.

A late report of the *Censor Dramatique* informs the public, that in fifteen days he had approved of ("good easy man") no less than fifteen tragedies! twelve comedies! twenty vaudevilles or farces! and thirty melodramas! in all, seventy-seven! Here's novelty wholesale.—What a stock for our Minors to employ those dramatic worthies Moncrieff, Planche, & Co. upon.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF

CATHARINE, WIFE OF CZAR PETER I.
AND PRINCE MENZIKOFF.

The empress Catharine was born at Rughen, a small village in Livonia, of very poor parents, who were only boors, or vassals. Her father and mother dying, left her very young, and in great want; the parish-clerk, out of compassion, took her home to his house, where she learnt to read. Dr. Glack, minister of Marienburgh, seeing her there, inquired of the clerk who she was; and being informed she was a poor orphan he had taken into his house out of charity, what from a wish to relieve the poor clerk from a burthen he was not well able to support, and a lik-

ing to the little orphan, the doctor took her home to his house, notwithstanding he had a numerous family of his own.—Here her company and opportunities for improvement were better, and her deportment such, that she became equally esteemed by the doctor, his wife, and children; her steady, diligent, and careful attention to all their domestic concerns, ingratiated her so much with the doctor and his wife, that they made no distinction between her and their own children. She afterwards showed her gratitude, in richly providing for all those who could lay claim to any alliance to the doctor's family; nor did she forget her first benefactor the clerk of Rughen. In this happy situation she grew up to woman, when a Livonian serjeant, in the Swedish service, fell passionately in love with her; she likewise liking him agreed to marry him, provided it could be done with the doctor's consent, who, on inquiry into the man's character, finding it unexceptionable, readily gave it. The marriage day was appointed, and, indeed, came, when a sudden order came to the serjeant that very morning, to march directly with a detachment for Riga, who was thereby disappointed from ever enjoying his bride. Soon after, General Baur, at the head of an army, came before the town and took it, in the year 1702, when all the inhabitants were made prisoners. In the promiscuous crowd, overwhelmed with grief, and bathed in tears at her unhappy fate, the general observing Catharine, saw a *je ne scai quoi* in her whole appearance, which attracted him so much, that he asked her several questions about her situation; to which she made answers with more sense than is usual in persons of her rank. He desired her not to be afraid, for he would take care of her, and gave immediate orders for her reception in his house, of which he gave her the whole charge, with authority over all his servants, by whom she was much beloved from her manner of using them. The general often said, his house was never so well managed as when she was with him.

Prince Menzikoff, who was his patron, seeing her one day at the general's, observed something very extraordinary in her air and manner, and inquiring who she was, and on what footing she served him, the general told him what has been already related, and with due encomiums on the merits of her conduct in his house. The prince said, such a person would be of great consequence to him, for he was then very ill-served in that respect; to which the general replied, he was under too many obligations to his highness to refuse him any thing he had a mind to, and immediately calling for Catharine, told her, that Prince Menzikoff had occasion for a servant like herself, and that the prince had it much more in his power to be a friend to her than he had; adding, that he had too great a regard for her to prevent her receiving such a piece of honour and good fortune. She answered only by a profound courtesy, which showed, if not her consent, that it was not then in her power to refuse the offer that was made. The prince took her home the same day, and she lived with him till the year 1704, when the czar, one day dining with the prince, happened to see her, and spoke to her; she made a yet stronger impression on that monarch, who would likewise have her to be his servant; from whence she rose to be empress of Russia.

Prince Menzikoff was also a person raised from a very low degree. He was born of poor parents; and they dying, left him very young without any education, inasmuch that he could neither read nor write, nor ever did to the day of his death: his poverty obliged him to seek service in Moscow, where he was taken into the house of a pastry-cook; who employed him in crying minced-pies about the streets; and having a good voice, he also sung ballads; whereby he was so general-

ly known, that he had access to all the gentlemen's houses. The czar, by invitation, was to dine one day at a boyar's, or lord's house, and Menzikoff happening to be in the kitchen that day, observed the boyar giving directions to his cook about a dish of meat he said the czar was fond of, and took notice that the boyar himself put some kind of powder in it, by way of spice. Taking particular notice of that dish he went out to sing his ballads, and kept sauntering, in the street till the czar arrived, when exalting his voice, his majesty took notice of it, sent for him, and asked him if he would sell his basket with the pies: the boy replied, he had power only to sell the pies, as for the basket he must first ask his master's leave, but as every thing belonged to his majesty, he needed only lay his commands upon him. This reply pleased the czar so much, that he ordered Alexander to stay and attend him, which he obeyed with great joy.—Menzikoff waited behind the czar's chair at dinner, and seeing the before mentioned dish served up and placed before him, he in a whisper begged his majesty not to eat thereof: the czar went into another room with the boy, and asked his reason for what he had whispered, when he informed his majesty what he had observed in the kitchen; and the boyar's putting in the powder himself without the cook's perceiving him, made him suspect that dish in particular; he therefore thought it his duty to put his majesty on his guard. The czar returned to table without the least discomposure in his countenance, and with his usual cheerfulness; the boyar recommended this dish to him, saying, it was excellent; the czar ordered the boyar to sit down near him (for it is a custom in Moscow for the master of the house to wait at table when he entertains his friends) and putting some of it on a plate, desired him to eat and show him a good example. The boyar, with the utmost confusion, replied, that it did not become the servant to eat with his master; whereupon the plate was set down to a dog, who soon dispatched its contents, which, in a short time, threw him into convulsions, and soon deprived him of life: the dog being opened, the effect of the poison was clearly discovered, and the boyar was immediately secured; but he was found next morning dead in his bed, which prevented all farther discovery.

Menzikoff's remarkable introduction soon gained him credit and confidence with his royal master, which from being one of the meanest and poorest, raised him to be one of the richest subjects in the Russian empire; he was not only dignified with the title of a prince in Russia, but also declared a prince of the Roman empire. He was tall, well-shaped, handsome in his person, and of great penetration: he acted as vice-czar at the imperial court, the czar himself appearing at all public meetings as a private person, attended by two servants at most, and, instead of pleasing himself with the pomp of grandeur, his delight was the improvement of his empire, which he visited every where in person.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

SWALLOWING CLASP KNIVES.

In the quarterly number of "the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal," for October, there is an "account of a man who lived ten years, after having swallowed a number of Clasp Knives."—The account is drawn up by ALEXR. MARCET, M. D. F. R. S., late Physician to Guy's Hospital. As it is a remarkable case, we shall give an abstract of it. In June, 1799, John Cummings, an American sailor, aged about 23, being with his ship on the coast of France, and having gone on shore with some of his ship-mates, about two miles from Havre-de-Grace, he and his party direct-

ed their course towards a tent which they saw in a field, with a crowd of people round it. They found within the tent a man, who was entertaining the audience by pretending to swallow clasp knives. They returned on board and spoke of what they had seen; when Cummings, who had been drinking freely, boasted that he could swallow knives as well as the Frenchman. He was challenged to do it. Thus pressed, and though, as he afterwards acknowledged, not particularly anxious to take the job in hand, he did not like to go against his word, and having a good supply of grog inwardly, he took his own pocket-knife, and on trying to swallow it, it slipped down his throat with great ease, and by the assistance of some drink, and the weight of the knife, it was conveyed into his stomach. The spectators, however, were not satisfied with one experiment, and asked the operator, whether he could swallow more? His answer was—all the knives on board the ship; upon which three knives were immediately produced, which were swallowed in the same way as the former; and by his bold attempt of a drunken man (to use his own expressions) the company was well entertained for that night. The next day he passed one of the knives which was not the one that he had swallowed first; and the day afterwards he passed two knives at once, one of them being that which he first swallowed. The other, according to his knowledge, remained in the stomach, but he never felt any inconvenience from it. After this extraordinary performance, he thought no more of swallowing knives for the next six years. In March 1805, being then at Boston, in America, he was one day tempted, while drinking with a party of sailors, to boast of his former exploits, adding, that he was the same man still, and ready to repeat his performance. A small knife was thereupon produced, which he instantly swallowed. In the course of the evening he swallowed five more. The next morning crowds of visitors came to see him; and in the course of that day he was induced to swallow eight knives more, making in all fourteen! He, however, paid dearly for this frolic. He was seized with constant vomiting and pain in his stomach; but, as he related, between that time and the 23th of the following month, he got rid of the whole of his cargo. At Spit-head, Dec. 4, in the same year, he was challenged to repeat his feats, and "disdaining to be worse than his word," in the course of the evening he swallowed five knives. The ship's company, next morning, expressed a great desire to see him repeat the performance, and he complied with his usual readiness; and by the encouragement of the people, and the assistance of good grog, he swallowed that day, as he distinctly recollects, nine clasp knives, some of which were very large; and he was afterwards assured by the spectators that he had swallowed four more; which, however, he declared he knew nothing about, being, no doubt, at this period of the business too much intoxicated to have any recollection of what was passing. This, however, is the last performance recorded; it made a total of at least thirty-five knives swallowed at different times; and the last attempt ultimately put an end to his existence. On the following 6th of Dec. he became much indisposed; and after various applications, about three months afterwards, he felt, as he expressed himself, the knives, "dropping down his bowels." He continued dreadfully ill. In 1807, he was in Guy's Hospital, under Dr. Babington; and he there continued, intervals excepted, under Dr. B. and afterwards under Dr. Curry, till March 1809. After having gradually and miserably sunk under his suffering, he then died, in a state of extreme emaciation. The account is followed by a letter from Surgeon Lana, who was on board the vessel where Cummings performed his last feat; and by Cum-

mings' own narrative, drawn up while in Guy's Hospital. Many knives, and fragments of knives left this extraordinary character in the course of 1807. Dr. Marcet's account does not state whether the body was opened.

ON CLOTHES. BY DR. KITCHENER.

Of all the customs of clothing, the most extremely absurd is the usual arrangement of bed-clothes, which, in order as the chambermaid fancies to make the bed look pretty in the day-time, are left long at the head, that they may cover the pillows: when they are turned down, you have an intolerable load on your lungs, and that part of the body which is most exposed during the day, is smothered at night with double the quantity of clothes that any other part has.

Sleep is prevented by an unpleasant degree of either heat or cold; and in this ever-varying climate, where often "in one monstrous day all seasons mix," delicate thermometrical persons will derive much comfort from keeping a counterpane in reserve for an additional covering in very cold weather: when some extra clothing is as needful by night, as a great coat is by day.

A gentleman who has a mind to carry the adjustment of his clothes to a nicety, may have the shelves of his wardrobe numbered 30, 40, 50, &c. and according to the degree of cold pointed to by his Fahrenheit, he may wear a corresponding defence against it:—This mode of adjusting dress according to the vicissitudes of the weather, &c. is as rational as the ordinary practice of regulating it by the almanac, or the fashion, which, in this uncertain climate and capricious age, will as often lead us wrong, as right.

Leave off your winter clothes late in the spring;—put them on early in the autumn. By wearing your winter clothes during the first half dozen warm days, you get some fine perspirations, which are highly salutary in removing obstructions in the cutaneous pores, &c.

Delicate and dyspeptic persons are often distressed by changing their dress, which must be as uniform as possible, in thickness, in quality, and in form, especially flannel, or indeed, whatever is worn next to the skin.

The change of a thick waistcoat for a thin one, or a long one for a shorter; not putting on winter garments soon enough, or leaving them off too soon, will often excite a violent disorder in the lungs, or bowels, &c. and exasperate any constitutional complaint.

Those who wear flannel waistcoats, are recommended to have their new ones about the middle of November, with sleeves to them coming down to the wrist—the shortening these sleeves in the warm weather, is as effective an antidote against extreme heat; as lengthening them, and closing the cuff of the coat, is against intense cold.

Our coat should be made so large, that when buttoned we may be as easy as when it is unbuttoned, so that without any unpleasant increase of pressure on the chest, &c. we can wear it closely buttoned to the chin. The power of doing this is a convenient provision against the sudden alterations from heat to cold: buttoning up this outer garment, will protect the delicate from many mischiefs which so often arise in this inconstant climate from the want of such a defence; and the additional warmth it produces will often cure slight colds, &c.

Another way of accumulating caloric, is to have two sets of button holes to the cuff of the coat, (especially of your great coat,) one of which will bring it quite close round the wrist.

When the circulation is languid, and your feet are cold, wear worsted stockings, have your shoes well warmed, and

when you take them from the fire, put your slippers to it, that they may be warm and comfortable for you on your return home.

In wet weather, wear shoes with double upper-leathers, two thin leathers will keep you much drier than one thick one, and are more pliable. The currier's dubbing is the best nourisher of leather, and renders it soft as satin, and impervious to water.

The restoration, and the preservation of the health, especially of those who have passed their fortieth year, depends upon minute and unremitting attentions to food, clothes, exercise, &c. which taken singly, may appear trifling; but combined, are of infinite importance.

"If you are careful of it, glass will last as long as iron." By a regular observance of a few salutary precepts, a delicate constitution will last as long, and afford its proprietor as many amusements as a strong body, whose mind takes but little care of it.

Invalids are advised to put on a great coat when they go out, and the temperature of the external air is not higher than 40. Some susceptible constitutions require this additional clothing when the thermometer falls below 50; especially at the commencement of the cold weather.

A great coat must be kept in a room where there is a fire; if it has been hung up in a cold damp hall, as it often is, it will contribute about as much to your calorification, as if you wrapped a wet blanket about you.

Clothes should be warm enough to defend us from cold, and large enough to let every movement be made with as much ease when they are on, as when they are off.

Narrow sleeves are a very great check on the muscular exercise of the arms—the waistcoat, in its present fashionable form, may be very properly termed a strait one. The waistcoat should be long enough to cover the breeches two or three inches all round. The wrists and knees, but more particularly the latter, are braced with ligatures, or tight buttoning; and the legs, which require the utmost freedom of motion, are secured in leathern cases or boots—though the wearer perhaps is never mounted on horseback. To complete the whole, as the head is confined by a tight hat, but rarely suited to its natural shape, so in regard to shoes the shape of the foot and the easy expansion of the toes are never consulted—but the shape regulated by the fashion of the day, however tight and uncomfortable.

Those whose employments are sedentary, especially hard students, who often neglect taking sufficient exercise, suffer extremely from the pressure of tight waistbands—garters, &c. which are the cause of many of the mischiefs that arise from long sitting, during which they should be loosened. Braces have been generally considered a great improvement in modern dress, because they render the pressure of the waistband unnecessary, which when extremely close is certainly prejudicial; but we have always thought they have produced more inconvenience than they have removed; for if the inferior viscera get thereby more freedom of action, the superior suffer for it; and, moreover, ruptures are much more frequent, the girdle which formerly prevented them being removed, and instead of that useful and partial horizontal pressure, in spite of the elastic springs which have been attached to the braces, the whole body is grievously oppressed by the vertical bands.

The best material for breeches, is the elastic worsted stocking stuff. Tight stays and braces, obstruct the circulation of the blood, &c. are the cause of many chronic complaints, and often create organic diseases.

ANTIQUITY OF SCOTTISH MUSIC.

THE origin of Scottish music has been variously ascribed. James I. has had the honour conferred upon him; and it has been gravely asserted, that an Italian was its founder! The absurdity of the latter supposition has been so completely exposed, that it need hardly be mentioned. The proof in favour of James is considerable; but when the testimony to the existence of music in Scotland at a still earlier period than the era in which he flourished, and the universality of the character of the airs is considered, the time of its invention will not be limited to any particular period, or the honour ascribed to any individual, however great his eminence—however considerable his abilities.

That James I. was, in a great measure, the restorer of the airs, by giving encouragement to their cultivation—that he refined and was the author of many of them, may be allowed, for of this we have the testimony of Major in his "De Gestis Scotorum." Of his accomplishments, Boethius says, "He was well learnt to syng and dance, and was richt crafty in playing bath lute and harp." The proof from Tassoni, who says, that he was "the inventor of a new style of music, plaintive and pathetic, different from all others," is not quite conclusive; as it might originate from the music being first known at that time in Italy, and great things are often ascribed to great names.

For the origin of a music which seems identified with the nation to which it belongs, it will be necessary to take a wider range, and look for it not from individuals, but from the nation in general. This music, being of the simplest kind, and indebted to none of the attractions of art for its celebrity, there is no difficulty in supposing that the shepherd, while tending his flock, the lover ambitious of celebrating the charms of his mistress, or he whose breast was inflamed with the warlike fire of youth, if gifted with that genius which gives to man his elevation, might be the authors of that music which the utmost refinement of modern times cannot surpass.

It is difficult to trace the origin of the tunes; and, after the ingenious dissertation of Mr. Tytler, and the success with which he classes them, according to the time when it may be supposed they were first composed, it would be invidious to make another attempt. But it is presumed that the inquiry might be extended farther, and that an original music peculiar to Scotland may be proved to have existed in the earliest times.

Music is of so varying a nature, that it cannot be supposed but that the Scottish tunes would be subject to alteration, handed down as most of them were by tradition. It follows, therefore, that the music itself cannot be the best means of prosecuting the inquiry in the earlier times, and that, if written testimonies could be obtained, a greater advance would be made than by any suppositions drawn from sources more fanciful in their nature.

We find very early notices of the existence of music in Scotland. If Dempster's assertion be correct, that Simon Taylor, a Scottish Dominican friar, was a celebrated composer about 1240, there must have been much of the scientific part early introduced. He says, that his whole compositions were master-pieces, and that he wrote four books. Barbour, who wrote in 1314; Wyntown, in his "Orygynale Chronykel of Scotland," written about 1420; Fabian; and other old writers; allude to Scottish music and poetry; and after that time, the testimonies are more numerous, and we are favoured with the names of tunes popular in Scotland.

In Wederburn's Complaynt of Scotland, first published in 1549, and lately republished by Dr. Leyden, there is in-

cidentally enumerated no less than 69 tunes as popular at that time in Scotland. None of these are known to exist at the present time; but the fact seems proven, that the natives of Scotland encouraged and cultivated music with success at a very early period, and that much of the early music has been lost from the want of proper care being taken in preserving them. Were we to search into the causes, it would most likely appear, that consisting as it did principally in melody, there was not the same necessity for writing it as there would have been had it partaken more of harmony, or music in parts. Some of the church chaunts of that time have survived, owing to this necessity; and it is most probable, that had many of the tunes been written down, some would have existed now in an authentic form.

The Scottish music is not indebted to ancient times alone for its character for greatness and originality. A succession of beautiful melodies have been kept up; as old ones died away in the remembrance of the people, others have succeeded, bearing the same marks of genius, and taking the same hold of the affections. The present time is not without its claims to our notice: from Master-ton we have the tune of "Willie brew'd;" and from Campbell, that of "Gloomy Winter," with many other celebrated names which might be mentioned.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES

FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

In Aerolite.—On the 13th of September, at seven o'clock in the morning, at the moment when a storm of unusual violence had reached its height, an aerolite fell in the commune of La Basse, two leagues distant from Epinal. The fall of this stone, the bulk of which might be about equal to that of a six-pounder ball, was preceded by a noise similar to that of a waggon running along a rough and flinty road. Its direction was from the south-west to the north-east, the same as that of the storm, and in an inclined plane from the horizon; the duration of this noise was at least seven minutes; its force augmented in proportion as the meteor approached, and arrived at last to a frightful intensity. It was heard not only by all persons in La Basse, but also in the surrounding communes. At the moment of the meteor striking the ground, a crash was heard similar to that proceeding from the destruction of a number of bottles, followed by a stifled and sudden explosion. This aerolite was composed of a mass of stone, blackened on the exterior surface, gray within, granulous, friable, sprinkled with brilliant points and feruginous streaks in a metallic state, flattened at its lower part, and irregularly rounded in its other points.

The Dew-Worm.—At Ruthven Print field, Perth, Scotland, on the 23d September, at eight in the morning, there fell in a shower, a great quantity of the annular dew-worm, which covered a considerable space of ground; they might have been gathered off the road as profusely as hail-stones after a shower. They were all living, of a large size, as some of them might probably measure five or six inches in length. They soon, however, withered and disappeared, from the influence of the sun's heat. Previous to the shower, there was seen in the atmosphere a small black horizontal cloud, and it was also preceded by a rustling noise like that before a hail-storm.

Valuable Discovery.—About two years ago, 200 acres of land, near Flint, in Wales, were planted with the common hollyhock or rose mallow, which, in the process of manufacture, yielded a beautiful blue dye, equal in richness and permanence to the best indigo.

Natural Curiosity.—At Newfort, Ireland, the seat of Edward Turner, Esq. the head and branches of a moose-deer, in a state of perfect preservation, were lately discovered in a white marl hole, at the depth of fifteen feet from the surface. The branches measured the extraordinary length of ten feet between the tips. This is the second pair of branches of that gigantic animal which have been found on the lands of this gentleman, both of which are in his possession.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Lizard.—Of the lizard kind, the animals are various: in this class, we find crocodiles, dragons, salamanders, cameleons, &c. Those who have seen the little four-footed Newt, or Arglogher, in ditches, with its body terminating in a tail, may form a pretty just conception of the figure of these animals; for the alligator of the river Amazon, of 27 feet, to the camoleon, of but one inch long. The camoleon is sometimes eleven inches long; it has been said to feed upon air, from which it seems to receive great refreshment: it is sometimes seen as it were blown up for two hours together, and afterwards insensibly to diminish, till it appears quite lean and emaciated: but the air only gets between the muscles and the skin; for the muscles themselves are never swoln. It is hardly ever observed to eat any thing, except now and then a fly, which it takes half an hour to swallow. Like the frog, it takes the flies with its tongue, which is considerably long. As this animal's skin suffers such changes from its being puffed up, or only contracted, we need not wonder much when we are informed that though naturally of a gray colour, it exhibits, when placed in the sun, a greater variety of colours, than are seen in silks of the most variegated colouring. It is perhaps the most curious part of this animal's history, that it can move one eye singly, or turn both eyes in different directions; thereby looking two ways at once.

The lesser lizards appear to be harmless, playful little animals, in general; though like the toad they are accounted venomous. Of this class of creatures is the flying dragon. This beautiful, and it is said, harmless creature, finds a dangerous enemy in the bird called Ibis; which is so peculiar to Egypt, that it pines away and dies, if carried elsewhere. This bird is of great use in that country, by destroying the flying serpents, which the south wind brings from the deserts of Lybia. In the proper season of the year, these birds, by a peculiar instinct, go and wait on the frontiers, for these serpents, and devour them as they fly, before they enter Egypt. A crocodile, bearing on the head the feather of an Ibis, was used hieroglyphically to represent a slothful man; because that bird is said to have a secret power on the crocodile, so that if the body of this animal be stroked with it, though it be in its nature cruel and rapacious, it loses its former dispositions, and becomes extremely slothful and idle for a time.

The Egyptians worshipped God under the form of a crocodile, because it is the only creature said to be without a tongue; and so they imagined it a proper emblem of the Deity, beholding all things both in heaven and earth, with a profound silence.

The crocodile's great enemy is the Ichneumon, or Egyptian rat; this creature lives on lizards, serpents, cameleons, and other creatures: and is of great service by its instinct of hunting after and breaking the eggs of the crocodile; and thereby preventing too great an increase of that destructive creature.

Naturalists also say, that it is so greedy after the crocodile's liver, that rolling itself in mud, it slips down his throat, while he sleeps with his mouth open, and gnaws

its way out again. The inhabitants of Heracleopolis worshipped the Ichneumon for this reason.

MINERVA MEDICA.

Tartarite of Antimony.—Dr. Jenner has given a new claim to public gratitude, in a work on the cure of diseases by factitious topical inflammation. Nature, it is well known, throws out eruptions in order to remove diseases from vital parts to those not vital. Blisters are used upon a similar principle; but tartarized antimony, the method practised by Dr. Jenner, has a mode of operation quite peculiar, and contrary to the more simple effect obtained from application of a blister, which only raises the cuticle. By the tartarite of antimony (says Dr. Jenner) we can not only create vesicles, but we can do more: we have at our command an application which will at the same time both vesiculate and produce diseased action on the skin itself, by deeply deranging its structure beneath the surface. This is probably one cause why the sympathetic affections excited by the use of cantharides, and those changes produced by tartar emetics, are very different. Accordingly an ointment of tartarised antimony has been applied in several cases of patients labouring under different diseases, particularly those of consumption and mania, and, it is stated, with very considerable success. We are even told of scrofulous ulcers being cured so effectually by this means as to prevent amputation of an arm; and of a young lady, in a dreadful state of hysteria, which had resisted the most skilful treatment, being restored to health by the simple application of this powerful agent.

In cases of accident by the clothes of females taking fire.—Take a large quantity of vinegar, throw it over the clothes (the instant the fire is extinguished) without taking any off; continue to do so for an hour or two—this will lay some blisters and prevent others from rising; then the clothes may be safely taken off. If a blister breaks, it must be dressed with ointment used for burns; but in general an immediate application of vinegar will prevent all bad consequences. Violently tearing off the clothes causes the tops of the blisters (which rise immediately from scalding or burning) to be broken, and they then become inveterate sores. If blisters do not fall, lay clothes over them steeped in vinegar, and wet them often. The immediate cure depends on the blisters not being broken: persons ignorant of this, generally let them out with scissors; this is a ruinous error. If vinegar is not at hand, throw water over the clothes, and continue to do so until vinegar can be procured.

AGRICULTURAL MEMORANDA.

Seed Potatoes.—Mr. William Mac Aulay, gardener at Grahamston, who some time ago received the thanks of the Glasgow Horticultural Society, for communicating a new way of propagating the roots of the ranunculus, has this season practised what is considered an improvement in the cutting of potatoes for seed, which may become beneficial to the growers of that useful plant. In the usual way of cutting seed potatoes, every eye is made a plant; and as there are generally five or six eyes on each it would of course yield, when cut, the same number of plants. But if the eye of a potatoe be examined, it will be found to contain three buds, one in the centre and two at the sides. Now, after the potatoe is cut in the common way, and has produced five or more plants, if each of these be again cut right through the middle of the eye, it will destroy the centre bud there, but at the same time separate the two side ones, without injuring

them, and consequently double the number of plants. Mr. M. for experiment, cut one peck of the early shaw potatoe in the way now described, which, in drills of fifteen inches, planted about seven falls of ground, very moderately manured, and the produce was upwards of four and a half pecks per fall. Some of these potatoes, when lifted, weighed about half a pound.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PILGRIM. No. VIII.

Whenever subjects of discourse became exhausted, and my staying in the house was accompanied with lassitude, I retired for recreation to a neighbouring wood. It was composed of tall and venerable trees, mossy with age. There was no underwood to obstruct the passenger, or subtract from his enjoyment. The ground was covered with a verdant carpeting, which was soft as velvet. The forest resembled those in which the ancient druids retired to offer sacrifices. There was a deep and awful silence within it, and there seemed to breathe through it a spirit so hallowed, that a sentiment of reverence pervaded my mind whenever I approached it. Sages might dwell in its precincts with delight, for it invites to meditation, which can be enjoyed undisturbed.

Here I would generally throw myself on the earth, and peruse the pages of my favourite, Byron. Sometimes I would accompany the misanthrope Childe Harold in his melancholy wanderings, and read with instruction those reflections which a too thorough acquaintance with the world enabled him to make. At others, I would commune with the gloomy spirit of Lara, or enter into the society of the high-minded, yet dreadfully erring, Manfred. I would be fascinated at one moment by the beauty and harmony of the expression; at another, I would pause and ponder upon some elevated sentiment, some original and elegant thought, or at the wonderful acquaintance with nature, indicated in the most forcible and glowing language, which the volumes of this delightful poet perpetually develope.

At length the coolness of autumn arrived, and the fields were in the morning silvered over with frost. The trees in the woods were beautifully variegated by a thousand colours. They were lovely to the eye, but their hues, although lively, like the hectic on the cheek of beauty, were the precursors of decay. The gradual fall of the leaves conveyed to the heart a sombre and melancholy sensation. The country no longer wore the blithe and joyful appearance of summer; its aspect was dreary and desolate.

I wished I had wings, that, like the bird of passage, I might fly to some clime where nature would appear in her prime, and not in her decay. It pains me to see life gradually ebbing away, whether the object be a man, a brute, or a tree. I love to behold the vigour, and majesty, and freshness of nature, and her productions—the reverse of this picture inflicts distress. A continuation in the country was therefore attended with loathing, and I longed to return even to the dust and smoke of the city, where I would not be perpetually reminded of the fragility of my being.

I returned; and instead of the whispers of the zephyrs, the songs of the birds, or the lowing of herds, that had met my ear in the country, it was assailed by the rattling of carriages, the cries of the sweeper, and the voices and titter of passengers. My mind was lulled into a transient oblivion, and those causes of discontent that, in a life of seclusion are perpetually before the eyes, were concealed from my view.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXXIX. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Newfoundland Dog*; by Pratt.—*David Dip, or the Prize in the Lottery*.—*The Adventures of Monsieur De Jardin*; by Bocaccio.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Character of the Tyrolean Literature*.—*National Genius, and the Physical Effect of Climate*.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres, &c.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Magliabachi*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On the vulgar Error of a Cat's Sucking a Child's breath*.—*Rise and Progress of Gardening, No. V.*—*Museums, Public Libraries, Learned Societies, &c. in Paris, in 1822. No. V.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Italian Letters, No. I.*

POETRY.—*Address to the Patrons of the MINERVA*, with other pieces.

GLEANS, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

The Subscribers to the MINERVA are respectfully informed, that, on the appearance of the next number, three quarters of a year will have expired since the work was ushered into public notice. Although, by our original conditions, it was stipulated, that subscriptions should be paid in advance, several of our patrons omitted this, and others, who complied to the extent of one quarter's payment, have inadvertently fallen into arrear. As our labours hitherto have given satisfaction, we trust it is only necessary to remind our readers of their omissions, to induce them to furnish the means by which we shall be enabled successfully to continue our exertions. The MINERVA is the cheapest publication in the United States; and, when the year is completed, it will form one of the most interesting and valuable volumes of miscellaneous literature to be found in any country. Every reader being capable of appreciating this fact, we trust he will not content himself with merely giving the work his own support, but will be zealous in recommending it to the patronage of others.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

The citizens of Oswego have prepared a memorial to the legislature of this state, for the improvement of the water communication between the Erie canal and Lake Ontario, through Oswego river.

A greater number of persons are employed, at present, in the white fishery on the Lakes than at any former year; 1,200 barrels had been caught by one person. They are considered worth from four to five dollars the barrel.

An exploring Committee from St. John, N. B. have reported on the practicability of opening a Canal from the St. Lawrence to the Bay of Fundy.

The sum of two thousand dollars has been raised in Boston for the benefit of the family of the brave Allen, who was lately killed by the Pirates.

MARRIED.

On the 7th, Mr. Cornelius Westerfield to Miss Rachel Ackerman.

On the 16th inst. Mr. John Hinton to Miss Helen M. Fraser.

On the 17th, Midshipman Griffin Tompkins, of the U. S. Navy, son of his Excellency Daniel D. Tompkins, to Miss Louisa, daughter of John Le Fort, Esq. of Staten Island.

On the 18th, Mr. Samuel Carson to Miss Ann Wood.

On the 19th, Mr. Leonard Kirby to Miss Susan K. Higgins.

On the 21st, Thomas S. Gibbs, Esq. to Miss Susan Annette Vandennevel.

DIED.

On the 15th, Mr. Thomas Hewitt, aged 68 years.

On the 17th, Samuel W. White, aged 22 years.

On the 18th, Mrs. Ann Spencer, widow of the late Capt. Spencer, aged 37 years.

On the 19th, Richard Varian, in the 86th year of his age.

On the 20th, Mrs. Rachel Hardie, in the 59th year of her age.

On the 21st, Mr. Marcus M. Van Gieson, in the 53d year of his age.

On the 22d, Thomas James De Lancey, in the 34th year of his age.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO DESPONDENCE.

Oh, heavily I feel thy chain!
And by its galling links oppress'd,
I cannot ease the aching pain,
That seems to bind my swelling breast.
Yet patient, I must wear the bond,
That palsies all my energy;
And passive wait, of slavery fond,
Till rapture's hour shall set me free.

Oh, ne'er for me Contentment beams!
With radiance steady and serene,
As moonlight o'er the landscape gleams,
Veiling with silvery haze the scene.
Such gentle influence has no power
My jarring spirits to attune;
Alas! I find my hapless dower,
Despoil'd of night, or rapture's noon.

The cheerful play of simple joys,
That every moment shine the same,
Which no ambitious thought annoys,
Which waken neither praise nor blame—
Was never mine; not such requite
Those who for high attainment pant,
Whom great incentives still excite,
Yet whom each petty ill can daunt.

Such toil along; at times resigned,
While thou, Despondence! reign'st supreme;
Or burns the fever of the mind,
And rapture prompts the lofty dream,
The flagging of the jaded nerve,
Then ushers in thy care, thy fear;
Thou wilt not from such order swerve,
But send the ruthless train austere.

Thy livid lips are moist with sighs,
Thy cheeks are pale, and wan, and cold;
And tears escape thy downcast eyes,
The overcharged lid no more can hold.
Thy presence casts a blighting shade,
That deadens nature's every hue,
Till shrieking from the scene, dismay'd,
I shudder at life's blasted view.

Such art thou; such thou comest now,
With all thy dull and sickening gloom,
To weigh upon my pallid brow;
And close me in thy living tomb.
Yet I will bear and faint not; those
Who languish 'neath thy hateful sway,
At least may hope that rapture's throes,
Once more shall break thy spell away.

That rapture, with the heaven-ward eye,
Dissolving in delicious tears,
Shall bid thy baneful darkness fly,
While bright her sun renewed appears.
Then thankful, for the end is kind,
Thy load of chastisement I'll bear,
For graciously thou art designed
O'er wearied feeling to repair.

MYRENE.

EFFUSIONS OF MADNESS.

Hark! from Bedlam's frenzied cells
How the mad'ning tumult swells!
Songs of fury! horrid groans!
Shouts exulting! plaintive moans!
'Tis the maniac, stung with pain,
Rends his hair and gnaws his chain!
Direct rage, with stars agast,
Grasps his clinking fetters fast!
Desperation, frantic driv'n,
Hails at man, and curses heav'n!
Pensive Melancholy stands,
With weeping eye and wither'd hands!
Mad Revenge, with gasping breath,
Thunders out the yell of death!
And the injur'd love-lorn fair
Moping sits with steadfast stare.
'The soldier shouts, the battle's won!
But hold, the horrid din's begun!

JOY.

Hush, make no noise!
Or you will frighten the dear youth away,
And I shall lose the promise'd violet.
Joy! see he comes, the floweret in his hand—
Oh! rapture, transport! in my circling arms,
I'll fold him thus!

RAGE.

Oh, for a crag, as huge as Ossa's self!
That I might grasp it in my desperate hand,
And hurl it at you moon!
Soft! let me think.—Ha! by my swelling veins,
'Twill be a deed befitting my great soul,
To snap my chain and bind it round the world!
Then hang it o'er her horns; and with a tilt,
Drive both among the stars! ha! ha! ha! ha!
How will my keeper stare!

HEROIC EXULTATION.

Yes, yes;
A mine beneath that citadel would blow
The fort and garrison to atoms! ha!
The thought has struck me: yes, by heaven 'twill do!
Quick from the raveline and counterscarp:
Pioneers, down with these entangling thickets:
Level your cannon lower by a foot:
That's well: a breach will shortly now be made;
Plant the light infantry within the wood!
Charge from the right! They fly! enter the gates.
Huzza! Huzza! 'tis won! the day's my own.

SUBTLETY AND CUNNING.

Ha! now his back is turn'd; where is the cup?
And where have I conceal'd the murdering drug?
An opportunity like this once lost
Is lost for ever!—hark!—he hums a tune—
'Tis his own knell! there, precious poison! there,
Mix with his wine;—and, when he drinks, unbuckle
His springs of life, that I may laugh.—Methinks
Enough is mix'd.—Come drink again my love;
It freezes keen,—the howling blast is bleak,
Hark! how it roars! nay, nay, don't refuse it,
'Twill cheer thy heart.—that's well!—delicious draught,
I thank thee.—See how pale he turns!—he falls!
Vengeance is mine!—he writhes!—ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ruin, how I love thee!—he gasps his last!
'Tis done,—my soul rejoices; he dies,—he dies!
Now for my hated self—What!—not a drop!
Drain'd to the very dregs.—Now, this is childish;
But hold—no matter!—there's a way yet left
To bid the world farewell.—Against these walls
'Twill not be hard to dash these brains out;—thus!
Ha! my hated keeper here!—what, isn't a dream?
Oh, murder'd hope! Oh curse! soft, let me hide
Beneath the straw;—he'll pass, and think I sleep.

WINTER.

The freezing north wind blew—and all the plain
Was buried under heaps of drifted snow;
Aloft in heaven's blue arch the moon did reign,
And tinged with yellow beams the world below.

When fair Corinna, from a neighbor's town,
Returning, sought the dear paternal dome;
But Fate forbade with a malignant frown,
That she should ever taste the joys of home!

Ah, hapless maid! what raptures fill'd thy breast,
When thou hadst nearly reach'd thy native hill;
There, Hope had promis'd thou shouldst safely rest,
Secure'd from the wintry blast, and every ill.

But Hope deceiv'd!—alas! her gentle frame
Could ill endure stern Winter's piercing breath;
Already half extinct her vital flame—
Shivering, she felt the icy hand of death!

As poison steals—a deadly numbness crept,
And spread debility through every limb;
Her pulse no more its usual tenor kept,
Her spirit-beaming eye grew dark and dim.

And now, entangled in a mass of snow,
Awhile she strives—but all her efforts fail,
She sinks—and thus in accents sad and low,
She pours her sorrows on the whistling gale:—

"'Tis past—the fleeting dream of life is fled—
Vain are my struggles—vain my plaintive cry;
Soon, soon shall I be number'd with the dead—
Yet, oh! it is a dreadful thing to die!"

Perhaps my parents blame my long delay—
Perhaps, despairing, they my fate presee;
To rankling grief they soon must fall a prey,
Deprived of me—the comfort of their age.

My Colin, too, on Love's light pinions borne,
Shall fly to press me to his ardent breast!—
How shall that breast with agony be torn,
When he is told that in the grave I rest!

Adieu, my earthly hopes!—my youthful joys!—
The drowsy god asserts his leaden reign;
A long, and last farewell!—She closed her eyes,
And slept—but never, never woke again!

THE DYING CHIEF.

The stars look'd down on the battle plain,
Where night-winds were deeply sighing,
And with shatter'd lance, by his war-steed, slain,
Lay a youthful Chieftain dying.

He had folded round his gallant breast
The banner, once o'er him streaming,
For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,
By the rushing Gualquivir,
While, dark with the blood of his last red field,
Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his wound,
There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping;
But he raised his head from the dewy ground,
Where the land's high hearts were sleeping!

And "Away!" he cried, "your aid is vain,
My soul may not brook recalling,
I have seen the stately flower of Spain
As the autumn vine-leaves falling!"

I have seen the Moorish banners wave
O'er the halls where my youth was cherish'd;
I have drawn a sword that could not save,
I have stood where my king hath perish'd!

Leave me to die with the free and brave,
On the banks of my own bright river!
Ye can give me nought but a warrior's grave
By the chainless Gualquivir!

THE SEMBLANCE.

When Anna, who in all the pride
Of youth, and health, and beauty shone,
Consented to become a bride,
And gave me—not her hand alone—

We went to view the gay parterre,
And visit every lovely flower
(The flowers were planted all by her)
That grew around the Muse's bower.

For so the favourite spot she named
Where first, by passion taught, I sung;
And every lay of love was framed,
That ever trembled from my tongue.

There every flower for beauty famed,
Or noted for its rich perfume,
Had oft the Muse's tribute claim'd,
For scattered sweets, or living bloom.

A rose, surcharg'd with fragrant dew,
Which Anna saw, she gently rais'd,
Restored the drooping flower to view,
And then for matchless beauty prais'd.

A blush her cheek that instant dyed—
'Twas not the blush of guilt or shame;
Intrinsic mark of maiden pride—
To match the blushing rose it came!

Epigram.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does to-morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies doth this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool does say,
To-day's too late: the wise liv'd yesterday.

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Charades in our last.

CHARADE I.—Bird-Lime.

CHARADE II.—Fire-screen.

NEW PUZZLES.

CHARADES BY A LADY.

I.

Led by the blooming graces of the spring,
My first appears, with rosy chaplet crown'd,
While by his side the Loves in frolic ring
Sportive attend, and shed sweet influence round.
Beneath my neat what different scenes appear!
The feeble sun emits no cheering ray;
Stern winter rages through the sullen year,
And driving storms deform the joyous day.
But turn we hence, to where on happier plains,
In honour of my first, my whole attends;
Where rural sport and festive pleasure reigns,
And bright-eyed Mirth on each gay hour attends.

II.

Without my first, such is its heav'n-born pow'r,
Music could boast no influence o'er the heart;
Sweet converse ne'er could cheer the social hour,
And Friendship's voice no raptures could impart.
With joy elate, my next the school-boy eyes,—
In vain Compassion urges him to spare;
Ambition prompts him to secure the prize,
And Pity's softer voice is lost in air.
My whole obtain'd, a pledge of future gain,
The village maid, with bosom void of care,
Under the conduct of her faithful swain,
Trips gaily homeward from the busy fair.

CHRONOLOGY.

A. D. The Christian Era.

- 409 Succession of Ataulphus, Alaric's kinsman, who married Placidia, sister of Honorius.
Spain occupied by the Vandals, Alans, and Suevi: Galicia and Betica by the Vandals; Lusitania and Carthagenia by the Alans.
Gonderic, first king of the Vandals; Hermeric, of the Suevi: and Respendial, of the Alans.
411 Decennial games celebrated by Theodosius Vicennial by Honorius.
Maximus proclaimed Emperor by Gerontius, a general of Honorius.
Gerontius defeated and slain by Constantius.
Maximus, stripped of the purple, died in Spain.
412 The tyrant Heracian seized Africa. Gaul invaded by the Goths under Ataulphus.
Beginnings of Pelagius and Celestius: their dogmas about grace and original sin.
The Greater Armenia divided between the Persians and Romans.
413 Italy attacked by a fleet under Heracian. His defeat and death.
414 Pulcheria declared Augusta.
The Goths defeated by Constantius, driven from Narbonne, and obliged to retreat to Spain.
Attilus, tyrant of Gaul.
415 Attilus taken by Constantius, and sent to the Emperor.
Ataulphus, king of the Goths, slain with his children at Barcelona.
Death of Respendial, king of the Alans, in Spain: he was succeeded by Atacius.
The church of Constantinople rebuilt and dedicated.
Several Christians at Alexandria put to death by the Jews.
Isdegerdis, king of Persia, on the point of becoming a Christian, was deterred by the indiscreet zeal of a bishop, who burnt a temple: he persecuted the Christians for five years.
416 Peace between Honorius and Wallia, king of the Goths, by the mediation of Placidia, sister of the Emperor.
Games celebrated at Rome for the victory gained over Attilus.
The errors of Pelagius condemned by the bishops of Africa.
417 The Pope declared Pelagius and Celestius innocent.
The Vandals and Silingians in Betica exterminated by Wallia.
Aquitain ceded to the Goths by Honorius. Wallia, their king, established his court at Toulouse.
419 Earthquake in Palestine; several cities swallowed up.
420 Death of St. Jerome at Bethlehem.
War with the Persians. Varanes, their king, defeated, with his allies the Saracens. Several historians begin the French monarchy from this date, with the reign of Pharamond.
Galicia forsaken by the Vandals.
China divided into two empires: the Goet Tartars in the north: and the Sam in the south.
421 Marriage of Theodosius with Eudoxia.
War with Persia.
422 Thrace laid waste by the Huns.
Peace with Persia.
Castinus defeated by the Vandals in Spain.
423 Placidia expelled from Rome by her brother. Honorius retired to Theodosius with her children.
Death of the Emperor Honorius.
John, a notary, supported by Castinus, seized the government.
424 More than 100,000 Persians drowned in the Euphrates, into which they threw themselves for fear of the Romans.
Valentinian III. acknowledged Emperor of the West.
426 Public schools established at Constantinople by Theodosius, and privileges granted to the professors.
Death of Gunderic, king of the Vandals. His brother Cseric or Genseric, succeeded.
Pannonia recovered by the Romans.
The Vandals and Alans transported to Africa, by count Boniface.
Lusitania laid waste by Genseric, and Mauritania invaded. He was pursued and routed by Hermigarius, king of the Suevi, and threw himself into a river.
428 A part of Gaul, on the Rhine, till then in the hands of the Franks, recovered by Actius.
Death of Pharamond, in the ninth year of his reign: succeeded by Clodio, second king of the French, that is, of the Salian Franks.
Galicia laid waste by the Sueves.
All the coast of Africa occupied by the Vandals, under Genseric, who had abandoned Spain.

THE MINERVA

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